

Ave Cor Marial Immaculatum
Dominguez Seminary
Claretian Fathers
18127 South Alameda Blvd.
Compton, California

June 19, 1949

My dear spiritual father —

June 21st, your feastday is approaching quickly so I hasten to send you these few words of filial greeting. You can be sure that I will be thinking of you quite a bit on the feast of Saint Aloysius. The entire day will be offered up for you and all your intentions. My feastday prayer for you is: "That God is holy will be done completely in you." I can think of no greater prayer in your behalf since this was the prayer of Our Lord Himself: "Thy will be done etc."

It seems as though centuries have passed since I last heard from you or even seen you. And to think we are not too far away — all the world is "permitted" to open its heart to you except your very own. God's ways are uninterpretable.

No doubt you have heard concerning Fr. Pugni. Poor Father — he did so much to try to form our characters for the future priestly career yet he was confronted with "no cooperation from his subjects." Of course there were a few who tried to live Father's advice but the vast majority made Father's sensitive heart suffer very much. It certainly is queer to see how little Juan Llamasa kept your words of interceding for the sanctity of "the students". I am afraid that the students' interior life has reached its lowest mark. It

hurts me to see how some who went to you for spiritual direction — who were continually kneeling down making public acts of humility etc, are now (at least judging from the external keeping of the rules) acting so differently. Those whom I had kept before my eyes as real models of virtue seem to be but SHAMS — sparkling only when the "flint of fervor strikes them." I tell you this, dear Father as confessional matter because my heart is saddened at seeing how easily one can become LAX and so TEPID! Warn your novices against criticism; against being so self-centered; against harmful companions (those who are not edifying) and surely they will not get into the mess the scholasticate is in. Poor Fr. Puigori is dying perhaps of an operation. My sincere opinion is that his heart was BROKEN at seeing how useless his efforts here were. Do not give this information to Fr. Provincial as I am not looking for trouble and Fr. Omer has already notified him about it. If Fr. Provincial had listened to the advice given him perhaps those students whose lack of discipline is so notable would not have been permitted to renew their vows. I tell you this because you were our spiritual Father. You can at least warn the novices against bad example and also let them know what to expect when they come to the scholasticate.

I hope you have a lovely feastday. How I wish I could be with you on the 21st, to chat with you as of long ago — soon to his father. At least, dear Father, I am trying to live the advice you gave me. I fail miserably at times yet I begin again and again. There is so much I could tell you — so much I could ask you about and yet I am not permitted to do so. At least, continue praying for me as I do for you. Ask God and our Blessed Mother to make me a saint in spite of my weakness. I do so want to be united to Christ — three years more are passing before I become "another Christ" and how far away from their goal sublime!

Time for music class — here is where I can practice patience and humility. May God and the Immaculate Heart of Mary continue loving their sons in you,

for ever
Your mother yours filially,

John-Marie of Jesus, C.M.F.

P.S. Paul sends you his filial greetings & best wishes.

J. M. J.
Saint Mary's College
Notre Dame
Holy Cross, Indiana

June 22, 1949

Dear Father Aloysius,

Your prayers and your interest in my affairs has been appreciated so much. I am sure it was because of your prayers that my sister, the one I had you pray for, came home alone. Before she left to go to Florida, she was the most devout person and stayed close to God. In Florida she met this divorced man and began keeping company

with him. She thought it all right because he was married by a pastor of peace - and a man well-liked by the pastor there. I knew the marriage could be arranged, but marrying a protestant again made me feel very bad. He did ask her to marry him, but she said she wasn't ready for marriage again. I know that was an answer to prayer.

"Reminiscences of Anthony Mary" have been a help in many instances. I shall keep it to read more thoroughly in living hours for good.

Saint Patrick Academy
Mokence, Illinois

And what about me? Pretty much the same, Father — sort of all dead inside! But I hate self-pity and I know feelings are not the whole of a spiritual chess; so I plod along the hard, dry road and continue to kick up plenty of dust as I climb. Nevertheless, I honestly think I am climbing — slowly at a snail's pace perhaps, but it's up hill anyway. This summer I made the retreat which I can honestly say was the least enjoyable of all my retreats. The preacher was very philosophical and brought out many pet theories of his own. I was in a belligerent mood for the first two days. On the third day I reasoned that surely there was much solid matter in the sermons and from then on I gathered very valuable helps in spite of the fact that I did not enjoy it. Since the retreat ended I have had to admit that no retreat ever moved me more profoundly — I think I have

Saint Mary's College
Notre Dame
Holy Cross, Indiana

I feel very bad about Alberta, but she will find herself where God wants her after she is better. Remember me to her. I am most anxious to know how she is.

I only wish I were as close to God as she is.

The remembrance of me in your prayers has made things easier for me many times.

May God love you for the consolation you have been to others

Sincerely in X.C.

Sister Mary Jane

ST. ELIZABETH CONVENT

14637 KITTRIDGE STREET
VAN NUYS, CALIFORNIA

June 22, 1949

Dear Father Aloysius,

Just a little note to let you know how greatly I have already been benefited by the spiritual advice you so graciously gave me Saturday.

I have not reached the place where I can rejoice over this unexpected change but I am much more resigned.

Since Saturday Our Lord has seemed much closer. He has given me many graces through you!

Father, my next letter will not be until after August 15th. If I do not return to

California after Resumption
then I shall write to you
often.

Please may I ask for
a share in a few extra
prayers while I am away?
I fear there will be a need
for them. If you are
praying for me then I
have greater confidence.

This afternoon I talked with
Mrs. Henry and I advised her
as you instructed me to do
in regard to her attitude towards
her husband. She took it
very nicely. Father, she
seems rather anxious for
Alvin to return to the Novitiate
in July. She says they can
get along just as well
without his help. Both
she and Alvin will be

ST. ELIZABETH CONVENT

14637 KITTRIDGE STREET

VAN NUYS, CALIFORNIA

in to see you soon.
I'm afraid, from the way
she spoke, it will be
several months before
Mr. Henry will be in any
condition to return to his
family.

Again I wish to thank
you, Father, for all that
you have done for me.
If prayers can repay you,
in any way, be assured
there will be no lack of
them on my part.

I'm leaving with a firm
determination to carry out,
to the best of my ability,
your every request.

ST. ELIZABETH CONVENT
1232 KITTINGHOE STREET
VAN NUYS, CALIFORNIA

You'll help me by your
prayers, won't you, Father?
I'll need them in order
to reach the top!

Gratefully in the Sacred Heart,

Sister Mary Virginia

Saint Mary-of-the-Woods
Indiana

REV. HENRY J. MACK
ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH
2101 STATE STREET
GRANITE CITY, ILLINOIS

June 30, 1949

Dear Father Aloysius,

Your more than welcome letter was forwarded to me from my cousin Bernice's home about five weeks ago. I'm awfully sorry for not answering sooner, and beg your forgiveness. When I first came down here to my assignment there were so many things to do and so many things to learn, that I just didn't seem to have time for much else.

I deeply appreciate the beautiful sentiments you expressed in view of my ordination to the Holy Priesthood. It is such a noble and exalted prerogative that I still can hardly realize fully that it has actually happened to me, and that I have been elevated to this most sublime dignity. Not a day passes by that I don't thank God for making me a priest. I found many difficulties along the path to the altar of God, but I know that your prayers must have aided me immensely in obtaining the grace necessary to surmount every obstacle. And I hardly need to tell you, I think, that I am deeply and sincerely grateful for even a single "amen" fervently uttered in my behalf.

You spoke of the sorrow that was mingled with your Easter joy by reason of the death of Father Daube. What your feelings were and still are, I know quite well, for I share them with you. The Chicago papers carried an account of the sad incident, so I knew of the death of this wonderful priest shortly after my own ordination. And a few days later, from someone at the Cathedral in San Antonio, I received a photostatic copy of an article that appeared in the La Prensa of San Antonio. I confess that this news hit me hard. It saddened me in a way that I can hardly express. It was, I believe, the day after I learned of the death of our beloved friend, that I offered Mass for him, and I remember him at Mass every day. Until you mentioned it, it hadn't occurred to me that Father Daube - or "Dobber" - as we used to call him affectionately, went to his heroic death at almost the precise moment that I was ordained a priest. And if in the providence of God, as you suggested, I can do the good work that he had planned to do, gladly and joyfully will I do it.

At present I'm engaged in a sort of missionary work. In one corner of the parish we have a section known as Lincoln Place, which is chiefly a Mexican settlement. Unfortunately, some Baptists have moved in there and are actively engaged in proselytizing, especially among the little kids. They lure the little kids to their church and bible classes by giving them candy and cookies. My pastor "turned me loose" in Lincoln Place about two weeks ago, and since then I've been spending several hours each day among the children and grown-ups there. As yet it would be pretty hard to say how much progress I'm making. In order to better my chances of success among the older people, I'm working hard at Spanish so that eventually I can speak to the people in their own language. It is my hope, too, that on December 12 I will be able to conduct the services in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

I'm enclosing a few Mass stipends in the hope that you or some other of "our" confreres there can take care of them. I've just received them, but right now our parish schedule is so filled up that it would be some time before I could say these Masses.

With many sincere and heartfelt thanks for your wonderful letter, and wishing you God's love and choicest blessings, I remain as ever, yours in the Immaculate Heart of Mary,

Henry Mack